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# Interview

[satan](#) [job](#) [hell](#)

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## Chapter 1 by SaintSayaka

"You're really well dressed for a job interview with Satan, don't you think?"

"As opposed to what, exactly?"

## Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



My nana fiddled with my blouse, probably attempting to make my pentagram necklace more noticeable. "I don't know. Something more...you?"

"Nana, I'm not wearing a band t-shirt to meet *Satan*."

She huffed. "I just think that a little personality will get you a long way with a guy like him."

I took her hands into my own, admiring the scars and wrinkles from thousands of slaughtered goats and midnight hymns to the moon. She was a practical fossil. "I understand, Nana. But don't worry about me, okay?"

"Fine. Sandy. Just be careful out there. And remember"

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## Chapter 3 by Elden



I walked to the local bridge, and jumped. It's a one way ticket. Waking up, (rather, dying) was a pleasant experience.

Brushing off the ashes of dead people on my skirt, I trotted along, just following the sound of moaning and screaming. It sounded like that song my nana once listened to. It was called Black Valor or something like that.

A dead woman walked (rather, floated) to me, and started in front of me. I took out my necklace, and showed it to her, and then, in the most respectful way, she crawled away, doing it somewhere else.

"Yeesh, women these days."

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